

LIVESEY'S MORAL REFORMER

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ONE PENNY.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

Were I entrusted with authority to issue a mandate, in my judgment the best calculated for promoting the prosperity of the commercial interests of this country, it should be comprised in these few words, "PAY YOUR DEBTS." As the commencement of the year is the usual time when tradesmen send in their bills, could an order to this effect be enforced, it would be found extremely beneficial. There is so much disappointment, and so many severe remarks cast upon each other by persons in trade, on account of the non-payment of accounts, that I think we should try, if possible, to effect a reform. Instead of allowing your bills to remain unnoticed, and protracting the payments to the latest possible period, let me entreat you to examine them immediately, and at the foot of those which you find correct, make a remark to this effect, "Ex—to be paid." Those which are not so, get adjusted as soon as possible. Then proceed forthwith according to your means, to the payment. Here I am aware in numerous instances, a difficulty will present itself—I need not say that this is—the want of money. This arises in many cases not from real poverty, or from a sufficient amount not being due, but from the *dishonesty* or *carelessness* of numerous customers. A commercial community is like a machine, an integral part of which cannot be moved without the corresponding motion of other parts. It is of no use pumping when there is no water in the well. There is a stream running in the East of Lancashire, which propels the machinery of numerous establishments, situated on its banks at the distance of perhaps every half mile. Each establishment, to the distance of many miles, depends upon the same current. If any of those towards the rise of the rivulet, either through *carelessness* or *self-interest* were to *detain* the water, all below would feel the inconvenience and be at a dead stand for want of power. But to use it in due course, allowing the same to flow as rapidly as the channel will permit, is paying a due regard to the interests of all, and is nothing less than what all the proprietors of the dependent establishments have a right to expect. *Let men of capital apply this to themselves.* Though there are many tradesmen who have no independent means, and whose payments depend simply upon the honesty and promptitude of others, yet in this country we have a great number of real capitalists; and it is from their coffers that the pleasant and gratifying impulse necessary for reciprocally settling accounts must proceed. "Money, like manure," it has been said "does no good till it is distributed;" and while thousands just now are in a state of suspense, scarcely knowing what course to pursue, it would be an act of generosity—not to say justice—for those who *have* money, instantly to settle to the utmost of their power, all outstanding accounts.

The harmonious working of the commercial system, depends wholly upon two particulars—honesty and ju-

dicious arrangement. The former will teach a man that wilfully to withhold the payment of an account which is equitably due, is decidedly an act of injustice. Doubtless, the law may make a difference betwixt such an act and the possessing ourselves by force or stratagem of the property of another, but it is difficult to perceive a difference in the eye of strict justice. It is not doing as we would others should do to us.—Again, a man may be *honest* in his *intentions*, and yet *careless* and *indiscreet*.—He may put others to great inconvenience, who, through fear of losing a connexion, dare not utter a word of complaint. Most of the Christmas bills might as easily be paid this present month as permitted to run, according to a bad custom, into another half year. Every conscientious person feels the happiest when he is out of debt; having paid every man his own; and he who is regardless of this, is not merely doing an injury to the individuals whose bills are in his hands, but like the man who assists to poison the water at the fountain, is diffusing a sickly infection into the commercial body, which may help to produce in its distant results a national paroxysm called "a panic." "Owe no man any thing" is a Divine command; and is not less obligatory, because we have facilities for breaking it without incurring that public odium which attaches to many other acts perhaps not more sinful in the sight of God.

CHILDREN SAVING INSTEAD OF SPENDING.

The spending of halfpence by children, so soon as they receive them, unless regulated by their parents, is not merely a waste of money, but tends to the formation of improvident habits. The articles purchased are generally toys or sweetmeats, which, instead of satisfying, create a desire for more; and when the means are wanting, they are led, not unfrequently, to disreputable, if not to dishonest contrivances to gratify their wishes. The following instance of *checking* a disposition like this, may be useful to those who are entrusted with the care of children.

Young Harry got twopence given him; and as is common, the other children came running to tell father how fortunate he had been. Fearing that the money would be misspent, orders were sent that Harry was to put the money into his box. "It is no use putting it by;" replied Harry, "what good will it do there?" This answer was told to father, who, in a most decided manner, said, "tell him to come here." Immediately Harry stood before his father. In a distinct tone, and yet with an inviting aspect, the discreet parent said, "Harry, what are on your feet?" "Shoes, sir." "What covers your body?" "Clothes, sir." "On what do you rest at night?" "On the bed." "And what do you get in morning?" "We get our breakfast, sir." "Now Harry," he added, "listen to me" (his brothers and sisters standing by)—"if when I draw money from my customers, I were to say, it is of no use putting it

by, and were to go immediately and *spend it*, you would have neither *shoes*, nor *clothes*, nor *bed*, nor *breakfast*, nor anything. If you had spent that twopence in toffy or liquorice, it would all have been disposed of before morning; but if you save your money, you will soon get as much as will purchase a ticket for the tea party, or buy some other useful article." After this there was a pause—when the father resumed, "Now, Harry, tell me, is it better to put this money by, or to spend it?" "To put it by," replied the boy instantly. The box was sent for, and Harry seemed quite pleased to put the money, a halfpenny at a time, through a small aperture made in the lid of his money box.—Such a method as this, and not violent threats or passionate blows, I conceive, is the proper mode of training children to know their duty.

LADIES' ATTAINMENTS.

"Do you suppose that those who move in the higher ranks of life are fully acquainted with all the branches of useful knowledge?" said a young gentleman with whom I was in conversation the other day, "if you do, I am certain you are labouring under a great mistake. Many of them seem to have no motive for study beyond that of wishing to excel in the etiquette of fashionable life, and the systems of teaching are so ill adapted for training the mental faculties, that upon many subjects you would be surprised at the ignorance of persons whose wealth gives them a high standing in society. I am sorry to say that this remark applies more to females than to the other sex, yet it is by no means intended as a *general* censure even upon them, but rather to shew that as there are cases of profound ignorance, in trying to diffuse useful knowledge, we should not forget such. The accomplishments of society being pursued with so much ardour, it is rare to meet with a strong disposition for acquiring *sound* information, and if it should be acquired, is soon lost amid the perpetually exciting scenes of gaiety and mirth. "I will give you instances—I was last week at a party, and speaking of the Cape of Good Hope, a lady, upon whose education much had been spent, about the age of twenty-six, actually intimated that she understood it to be situated somewhere in the Irish Sea! I was relating this to some young females, a few evenings after, who raised a loud laugh at the lady's ignorance; upon which I observed, (being friends with whom I could converse freely) 'come I will try *you*. How many are 9 times 9?' said I to one who was more talkative than the rest. She gave various answers, but all incorrect. I afterwards asked her the amount of a number of yards of lustering at 2s. 2*1/2*d. per yard; and what 13lbs. of butter would cost at 15*1/2*d. per lb.; but in no one instance could I get a correct answer."

I confess I was rather surprised at this statement, and but for the confidence I had in the veracity of the gentleman, I should have been incredulous. However, although not favoured by an interview with females so advanced in age, as those referred to, I have had an opportunity of testing this representation upon a small scale. I put the following questions to a girl of 9 years of age, who had attended very respectable schools for five years. "How many are 8 times 1?" No answer for some time, followed by several numbers evidently *guessed*, but in every instance incorrect—"How many hours would it take to walk to Chorley, which is nine miles, provided we were to walk one mile in an hour?" "How many pinnafores would you require for a week, supposing you had a clean one every other morning?" The girl could not answer any of these questions. Indeed she seemed to have no idea of numbers; and yet no girl in the family is more expert in the adjustment of her combs,

in putting up her hair in paper, or at the use of the needle. A boy much younger than she answered all the questions with ease. The parents I could perceive were ashamed, and had any stranger been present, instead of myself whom they regard as a friend, they would have been still more ashamed. But I have no doubt from what passed, that in future, much more attention will be paid to the *useful* than to the *showy* part of the child's education.

TEA PARTIES.

Perhaps it is incompatible with the real enjoyment of social and convivial parties, to dispense entirely with eating and drinking in every shape. We read of feasts and entertainments in all ages, and in the New Testament history, we find, at the marriage supper, "the *oxen* and *fatlings* were killed, and all things were ready," and that at the return of the prodigal, an order was given to "kill the *fatted calf*." While however, we may be obliged to conform to the spirit of these customs, I think the present age manifests symptoms of improvement in carrying them out. Among other beneficial changes TEA PARTIES stand pre-eminent, and are likely in intelligent companies, to supersede the sumptuous and riotous *eating and drinking* much too prevalent in this country. A tea feast is provided at a less expence than any other—accommodates a greater number—is more congenial to the free and reciprocal communication of good feeling—necessarily embodies the influence and companionship of females—is productive of more softness and refinement of manners—and followed by less physical pain and deterioration of character. As large social meetings must generally be in the evenings, how much better to take tea than to gorge with fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, and all kinds of indigestible substances? If conversation, and rational hilarity is desirable, what so inspiring and yet so safe, as good tea or coffee. When heavy dinners, (or more properly, if we pay respect to the time of the day, *suppers*) are taken, *wine* or other alcoholic liquor must follow, to prevent the flagging of the spirits produced by over-loaded stomachs. But if we want to promote lively conversation, and rational hilarity, without the least symptoms of intoxication, let our beverage be confined to good tea or coffee. The influence of these parties is rapidly driving the intoxicating cup from respectable companies: they are now associated with Education meetings, Missionary anniversaries, &c.; and in Preston we have lately had several among the higher classes, in the rooms at the Court House, occupied by the Society of Arts, for exhibiting a splendid collection of pictures.

The Temperance Society, more than any other, may doubtless claim the honor of this healthful change; and to the Preston society in particular the country is indebted for the magnificent display and admirable arrangement, with which these meetings are now conducted. Their splendid tea party, held on Christmas day, 1833, has been regarded as the PATTERN, and the beautiful display connected with this, may have partially been imitated, but at no time or place I believe has it yet been equalled. Similar arrangements have taken place every succeeding Christmas, and repeated only a fortnight ago. The following notice may be interesting:—

The Tea Party of the Preston Temperance Society was celebrated on Christmas Day in the Exchange Rooms. The range of rooms was most elegantly fitted up for the occasion. The walls were all covered with white cambric, ornamented with rosettes of various colours, and interspersed with a variety of evergreens and pictures. The windows, 56 in number, were also festooned and ornamented with considerable taste. The tables, 630 feet in length, were covered with table cloths. At the upper and lower ends of each side room mottoes in large characters, "TEMPERANCE,

"SOBRIETY, PEACE," and at the centre of the room connecting the others was displayed, over the provisions, the motto, "PLENTY." The tables were divided and numbered, and eighty sets of brilliant tea requisites, to accommodate parties of ten persons each, were placed upon the tables, with two candles to each party. In one part hung the crown, with the motto HONOUR THE QUEEN; and in another a two shilling loaf, with the motto "BETTER TO EAT IT THAN DRINK IT." The tables were loaded with provisions, and plenty seemed to smile upon the guests. A thousand tickets were printed, and sold, but the whole company admitted is supposed to have been about twelve hundred. Eight hundred and twenty sat down to tea at once, and the rest were served afterwards. After tea, temperance songs were sung, and several addresses delivered by the friends of the Society. The pleasure and enjoyment which beamed from every countenance baffles all attempts at description; and the contrast between this company and those where intoxicating liquors are used, is an unanswerable argument in favour of Temperance Associations.

VISITING THE HOUSES OF THE POOR.

In selecting the means of personal improvement, and endeavouring to fulfil the duties of life, I have found great pleasure in visiting the houses of the poor. What a contrast between two or three hours thus employed, and the same amount of time spent in lounging by the fire or stretching on a sofa! Sometimes I take the residences promiscuously, a house in one street, and two or three in another as it may happen, guided perhaps by some memorandum which I had previously made. These flying calls are generally in the afternoon, an hour or two of which, if the weather be favourable, I take for exercise. When I am disengaged, I prefer an evening visit, in company with a friend, and the plan then is to take a whole street, from door to door. The dark affords a protection from the gaze of the neighbourhood, for if two persons were seen calling at every house, in the day time, numbers most likely would be flocking together, crying "What's up?" The evening affords more time for conversation, and for eliciting information, and a more correct opinion can be formed of the real and comparative condition of the working people.

Some may be ready to say "I don't know how I could introduce myself." I am aware of the force of this objection, but as in every other case you would find the difficulty to wear away by practice. The same inconvenience is frequently felt in presenting yourself to a company of strangers, in the higher ranks of society; but by enquiries after the health of the lady of the house, observations upon the weather, or by some other apology, the difficulty is surmounted. In visiting the poor, a few useful tracts are a good introduction, or you may candidly state that you have called "to see them," and to enquire how they are getting on. Convince them that your feeling is friendly, that you wish to do them good, and you are sure to be well received. And if you now and then, as far as you are able, do them any act of kindness, assist them in getting employment, advise them in their difficulties; and when you meet with a deserving case give a trifle of relief, you will still further secure their respect and gratitude. With persons who have the means, the most unpleasant circumstance connected with relieving the poor, is the uncertainty they feel as to the real condition of the applicant. Here you are relieved of this; you see the state of the family; you can institute an appropriate enquiry; and remove every doubt by the testimony of neighbours. Ten-fold more satisfaction is experienced in relieving cases in this way, than in assisting strangers at the door, although they present the most appalling marks of distress.

The following contains a brief account of one of these visits, made on a Sunday evening, in company with a friend, which occupied us rather more than two hours,

from seven to a quarter past nine o'clock. I make no apology for a Sunday evening's visit, for though I wish every man to attend his own place of worship, I think, in addition to this, there are very few who might not spend a little time in "*going about*" doing good. Such an engagement would not detract from their observance of the Sabbath. Indeed it is to be feared that many who are regular in their attendance at church or chapel, have very easy Sundays, and seldom if ever, go to visit the poor, the wretched, and the miserable; the great mass of whom appear to be like sheep without a shepherd. The Pharisees, who professed to be more righteous than others, objected to Jesus for curing the sick on the Sabbath-day, and were highly offended at persons for carrying their couches through the streets whom the Saviour had made whole. We remember his answer. Though numbers now, I believe, would think it sinful to carry anything beyond an umbrella or a prayer book, I confess for myself that I should much like to see the rich looking through their wardrobes, bundling up their spare clothes, and *carrying them*, or employing their servants or *children* to carry them, on a Sabbath-day, to the poor. I recommend this, and I do it seriously; first, because it is a day which ought to be distinguished by our activity in "*doing good*"; and secondly, judging from facts, owing to the bustle and anxiety connected with business throughout the week, if such works be not attended to on this day, they will generally be *neglected*; and thus while many are suffering for want of clothing to cover their nakedness, the garments of the rich are thrown aside and eaten by the moths, or sold in bundles to the pedlars for a mere trifle.

The short street we visited consisted of eleven houses, all occupied by weavers. The families were seated around their respective fires, and with one exception they all appeared to be at home. In one house only did we notice the cheering influence of a lighted candle; in all the rest, the parties conversing were to be seen by the feeble light proceeding from the glimmering embers of the fire. They are not accustomed to receive visits except from their neighbours, and hence our first salutation was received with some degree of surprise, if not with alarm. Some one generally stirred up the fire, and with a few friendly words of introduction, we soon convinced them that their visitors were friends and not foes. Having stated that one object of our call was to ascertain the number of tee-totallers, we received the same answer almost in every instance;— "Weavers are *like* to be tee-totallers, they can get nothing to drink." We enquired particularly whether they could remember how many *drunkards* had lived in the street at different times, and whether they knew of anything remarkable connected with their history. Although it was not to be expected that they could, at a moment, recollect every case, they distinctly mentioned *eighteen*. Drunkards we were told had resided at ten out of the eleven houses, and that even at the house excepted there had been some who "now and then got drunk." One man had run away and left two children, whom we saw in the care of a relation; another had enlisted, and a third was killed when in liquor. We met with three old drunkards, lodging in the same house, who confessed they had been such for the respective periods of twenty-five, twenty-seven, and thirty years; and it is pleasing to remark that in consequence of the conversation which then took place, all the three, on the following Tuesday, signed the pledge joined the temperance society, and I believe, up to this time remain consistent members. It ought to be stated, that most of the eighteen drunkards referred to, had left the street at different periods, and such is the change for the better that now, including the three new converts, the number of tee-totallers is fourteen.

We were remarkably struck with the large number of

persons seated in each house, and were led to enquire in several cases whether they constituted the family; and we ascertained that although in a few instances friends had come in with their "sitting," the persons living in the eleven houses were respectively as follows:—12, 7, 7, 12, 10, 8, 9, 9, 7, 11, 3—total 95.

We were curious enough to enquire the reason for this over-average of inmates, and we found that *poverty* and sheer necessity had brought together far more persons than their dwellings could comfortably accommodate. Having noticed two wooden clocks fixed up in the same house, we enquired the reason, and were told that two families, relations, finding it impossible to pay the rent and meet the expences of two separate houses, had agreed to live under the same roof, and that they were keeping their few articles of furniture in hope of better times. Ever since the "turn out" in Preston, the surplus number of houses has been an object of general remark; indeed many hundreds are now unoccupied, which is fully accounted for by the above statement. It may not be improper just to mention that these houses consist of a cellar, occupied with looms; a "house part," and a small back kitchen, on the first story; and two bed-rooms above.

All these families, though very poor, appeared decent and very deserving characters—persons who, I should suppose, have found out the best possible plans of living upon slender means. They are certainly not allied to any of the wandering tribes, for upon enquiry we found that no family had occupied their present cottages less than six years, not a few double that number, and some had resided seventeen years in the same street. Having mentioned that they were all *weavers*, it is almost unnecessary to add that they were *very poorly clothed*. Here were no disputes about the shape and size of wardrobes; no complaints that the clothes chests were too small; or that the father or any of the sons had disordered the bed-rooms by leaving their "working clothes" in improper places. No; the same suit in many cases that covers the weaver on the Saturday, in his loom shop, forms his "best suit" for Sunday; the same flimsy texture that serves him in the heat of summer has to be worn during the inclement months of the winter season: there is no Sabbath for weavers' apparel. I noticed some large boys without stockings, and several with patched clogs, and I knew, as a matter of course, that if during the day the lads had breathed the fresh air, it was merely in the *back streets* of their own neighbourhood, which, on account of their miserable attire, serve to screen them from public observation. In most respects these houses were tidy, and the fire sides with few exceptions very clean. It is remarkable how these people economise their fuel; they keep scraping up the cinders that fall, and with the addition of a very few coals, manage to make their cwt., or cwt. and a half, serve the seven days, almost with as much certainty as if they were placed on the fire by weight or measure. By frequently sitting at the fire sides of the poor, I have ascertained this fact, that *their houses* are *warmer with a less quantity of fuel* than those of the *rich*; this may arise in part from the small number of apartments, but is principally owing to the fire places being well *white-washed* instead of being painted a dark colour, or covered with black lead; to the manner in which their grates protrude; and to the absence of projecting jambs at each side of the fire place.

These people seem excluded from a fair participation in the privileges of moral and religious instruction. Such is the standard for Sunday appearances in a place of worship, that were they disposed to attend, the want of clothing would prevent them. Were this overcome, the marks of distinction which are kept up, by placing the poor on *forms*, or "free seats," at a time when all should appear on a level before their Maker, is another

discouragement. And as their situation in life prevents their being influenced by *fashion* or *interest*, unless a feeling is created in favour of religious instruction, by pastoral visitation, they are the most unlikely to attend. In our humble way, we occasionally threw out a few admonitory observations; but I hope the time will soon come, when, after the example of Jesus, every one of his followers, and especially his ministers, will, as far as possible, consider it a duty to *go out*, and assist in *seeking and saving* that which is *lost*.

We were indeed kindly received, and spent a pleasant two hours, and I remember my friend remarking as we came home, "With all this poverty, did you not notice how well in general the women looked? If we were to go to the same number of rich houses, with all their wealth, I do not think we should find as many good looking females."

Reflections crowd upon my mind, but the length of this article warns me to reserve them for another occasion.

COMMERCIAL EMBARRASSMENT.

In another part of this number I have endeavoured to enforce upon tradesmen their obligation to pay their debts, and have mentioned briefly the difficulties in which many persons are placed by a neglect of this duty. The following is a conversation between Mr. Quick, wholesale and retail provision dealer, and Peter, a young man who sustained in his establishment the joint offices of clerk and cashier. The gentleman was a shrewd, clever tradesman, though not well educated. The conversation is represented in language corresponding to that usually made use of by such parties; and the narrative is highly illustrative of the embarrassments which are experienced in trade, principally owing to the want of honesty and punctuality in their customers.

"Really, Peter," said the old gentleman, "our accounts must be got in better than they have of late. See how we are plagued for money, and what bargains we are obliged to let pass, simply because our customers don't pay us. I feel quite vexed about it. *The debts must be collected!*"

"Well, Sir," replied the clerk, "it is not my fault; I have done all I could, but people now a days will not pay. Last week, I made out, I dare say, thirty bills, and all I got in was the trifling sum of £3. 7s. from Mrs. Smith, and indeed, she was always a good payer. Did you see that note that was left for you to day?" "No, what is it?" "Mr. Dutton is calling his creditors together to night, at Mr. Thompson's office, and you are requested to attend." "There's another gone," cries Mr. Quick, knocking the books about as if *they* were in the fault, "I thought how it would end; we were once straight with him and ought to have kept so." How is Thornley's balance? I saw him yesterday, in very loose company, and I understand he takes his glass in the evening. Having occasion to pass his shop last week, I just peeped in, and I thought it looked very bare." "He owes us about thirteen pounds," answered the clerk. "His last account was sent in a fortnight ago, when I pressed him hard for money. He stated that he really could not pay at present, but was expecting something very shortly from his uncle, when he would pay all off." "Mind one thing, Peter," said Mr. Quick, "that should you get settled, to let him have no more goods." "Something must be done to raise a sufficient sum to pay for the wheat coming in on Saturday," said the young man, "and I think the acceptance you gave to Mr. Strutt, for £60, is about due. (He here referred to the bill book.) Yes, it has only nine days to run; what shall I do to meet this also?" "If no better can be done, you must take a cheque to the bank." "But don't you know," resumed the young man, "that we are already in advance. Last time I went they looked very

shy, and asked several queer sort of questions, and I must say candidly that I should not like to try them again." Here Mr. Quick began to colour in the face; his eyes sparkled; he knit his eye brows, and giving way to passion exclaimed—"How dreadfully one is teased—it would provoke a stone. I dare say we have two thousand pounds out just now, every farthing of which is past due, yet we cannot raise a single hundred, to make our payments. I am determined to make a change. Get the ledger entered up, and I will have a thorough inspection, and see if something cannot be done."

In the evening, the books were placed on the parlour table, out of the way of annoyance. They were just commencing, when a rap was heard at the door. The young man ran to see what was wanted. "Please, sir," said a very modest-looking youth, "is Mr. Quick at home?" "Yes;" but he is engaged, and cannot be seen—perhaps you can entrust me with your message." "Mr. Bodmin sends his compliments, and would feel particularly obliged if Mr. Quick could lend him £5 till Monday morning. He has been disappointed in several places where he expected money, and has a traveller to settle with to-night: he would take it as a great favour." "I don't think he can," replied Peter, "but I'll step in and ask him." Peter had scarcely begun his tale, when the old gentleman, in very peremptory language, said, "No; I'll lend no more—there's £6 still owing of the last money I lent Mr. Bodmin: I wonder how he could for shame ask for more." The answer was returned, and immediately the inspection of the ledger commenced. They began at folio 1, and the following, as near as could be collected, is a report of the subsequent proceedings:—

Q. In the first page, I perceive a balance against John Philips, of £3, 6s. 5d. Is it likely to be paid?

P. Very unlikely. He has had two good situations; lost them both through drinking, and is now picking up a job where he can.

Q. What is Jamison?

P. He is good, but rather long-winded; most of his account has been standing since last August.

[Turning over two or three other pages] Mr. Quick continued, "Why has not Clowes paid? The beans he bought from us nine months since must all be consumed long since."

P. I can't tell the reason: his account has been sent in several times. He called last week, in my absence, and ordered two other sacks of the old man; but as he left no money, I prevented the carrier from taking them. He appears quite as a gentleman, but I think it a very shabby trick.

Q. [Turning to folio 9] You have got Bentham for a customer, I perceive.

P. Yes.

Q. Why have you let him get on so much? It is a bad sign when persons get one lot upon another. You must send after him, and insist upon the money being paid. Does Berry pay pretty well?

P. Yes: we have a running account with him. He has a bill against us, and the balance is always squared at the year end.

Q. What must be done with Wiggans, the joiner; he never offers to pay?

P. I have no doubt of his honesty; he would have settled long since, but he lost a heavy sum by Crookall and Smith, bleachers, who were made bankrupts. These people, like many others, made a great profession of religion—I believe one of them went a-preaching sometimes; but they have acted very dishonestly, and many poor people are likely to lose by them.

Q. Mrs. Burrell is a good customer; I see she pays up regularly.

Q. Yes; and as you proceed, you will find a number

of others as good, and if they do not always *keep* to the time, we must not be too severe with them.

Q. How is Atkinson getting on?

P. As safe as the bank; he is building houses of his own.

Q. Whose account is this; I can't understand it?

P. Oh! it is Greenbank's. It wants regulating. There were six packs of flour returned, and some other that went bad on his hands, and he expects us to make some allowance, and then he will settle the account. I believe we have lost his custom. Depend upon it, there is nothing like keeping a good article.

Q. When do you expect Williams' money from Workington?

P. I don't know, he is almost sure to send us a two months' bill instead of cash, and perhaps take off discount besides.

Q. The Doctor still owes for his cask of lard, I perceive.

P. Yes, and will do, unless you take it out in physic; I fear he is in low water.

Q. Nothing vexes me more, than the *shuffle-shuffling* way that some men have. I see that Tunstall's things are still unpaid for.

P. They ought never to have been delivered without money. They were weighed, and laid on the counter, and he spied his opportunity, when my back was turned to fetch them; and I have never seen him since.—You may pass over that [pointing to Wigton's page] for I have arranged with him, and he will pay me 3s. as the first instalment next week.

Q. That cheese, that Astley got when his wife was confined, I fear, will never be paid for. He has had the bailiffs in his house.

P. But I have since been told that his affairs are settled, and he is likely to pay 20s. in the pound. However, I don't mean to court any more landlords' custom.

Q. Has the election bill been sent in for the hams that they got?

P. Yes, but I understand they have no funds. They paid as far as they could, but there is still a number of tradesmen who have never got a farthing.

Q. Well, it is a great shame. People should always cut the coat by the cloth. How are Chalmer's affairs likely to turn out?

P. The proceeds of his sale are in the hands of Mr. Young, and the attorney was ordered to get in the debts as soon as possible, and to make a dividend. I saw him yesterday, but he fears the debts are nearly all bad. I ordered Mr. Cragg to take out a writ against his brother, but no sooner was he served than he went and signed over too.

Q. What a contrast! I see my old friend Jones pays as regular as clock-work—But it is getting late; I begin to get tired; just fetch the letters in; I am in hopes we shall have a remittance from Scotland to-night.

The letters were brought—one was double, which, being in hopes of a remittance, he opened first. It contained a bill; but instead of the one he expected, it was a dishonored acceptance from Wrexham, to the amount of £40! This was a finish.—"Shut up the book," said he, heaving a deep sigh, "There is nothing but bad luck—shut it up, but turn down the page, folio 195, and we will resume the inspection to-morrow.

The second night's inspection may be reported at some future time. Nothing was fixed upon as to raising means for meeting the various demands referred to; but from a broken conversation which was heard in the counting house, it is suspected that if no other means could be devised, a quantity of *plate* was to be taken to *pledge* in order to raise the needful.

Who would envy the cares and anxieties of an embarrassed tradesman? and who does not see that without more *honesty* and *punctuality* there is no remedy?

LITTLE FRANK AND HIS FATHER.

A family-man, having what phrenologists call the development of philoprogenitiveness, can scarcely help admiring his children, and feeling delighted with their playful tricks. His partial attachment often leads him to construe their shrewd remarks and interesting actions, —looked upon with indifference by a stranger—as indications of a superior genius. Well is it that every creature loves its young—it is an instinct implanted by the wisdom of God. Nature seems to have well proportioned the care of the parent to the helplessness of the offspring. To a kind and tender-hearted father or mother, the children seem to cling closer when young, and less so as they advance in years; till arriving at a state of maturity, the fruit, to use a comparison, fully ripe, drops from the tree, takes root itself, and becomes another parent stock.

I am blessed with "olive branches" of all sizes, from two months up to twenty-one years of age—altogether ten in number. The youngest at the breast is the darling of its mother, and the next, two years old, is father's *pet*. He is just beginning to talk; and so pleased am I with his enchanting ways, that, were I to give utterance to the fond feelings of my heart, I should be tempted to say, in the language of the nurse, "he is the finest of the bunch." Of course, they have *all* been so in their turn; and a wise parent will not allow his infant partialities to operate to the prejudice of his other children. I am anxious, as much as possible, to foster among my readers parental attachment, and I know of no stimulant more appropriate than one's own example.

Frank, the youngster referred to, is rather impetuous in his temper, though cheerful, and of a very active habit; more distinguished by a bold and daring behaviour than for those gentle and soft dispositions which most admire. Like most children, before the development of the intellectual and moral faculties, he has a full share of *selfishness*, which frequently requires to be checked by the exercise of parental authority. Like all healthy children, unless prevented by unnatural restraints, he is exceedingly fond of play; and if he can get father to be his play-fellow, he seems perfectly happy. To prevent being annoyed, it is necessary sometimes to keep him from the family; but if he happen to see the door open, in he comes at full trot, smiling, laughing, throwing up his hands, and shouting "pa, pa." If I happen to be in slippers, off he runs for my shoes, and will not rest till I have put them on. He then backs himself as close as possible, and cries "knee, knee." There is no resisting this. Having seated him on my right knee, he lays his pretty head to my bosom, and says "sing, sing"—I then begin "little bo peep," or some verse of a hymn, as it may happen: if I soon stop, he raises his pretty eyes, looks me in the face, and whispers "gain." Having thus amused him, we begin to converse. I ask him where are his *bumps*; and he rubs up the hair on his forehead, and places his fingers on his brow. I ask him which are his eyes, ears, teeth, and which is his nose, neck, and chin, all of which he touches with his finger, and generally in addition repeats the exercise on his father's face. I ask him which is his knee; he bares it, and perceiving a little mark left by an ulcer, holds it up for a kiss. Indeed all little wounds produced by falls, or any mishap, are cured by a father's kiss.

By this time I ought to be up stairs writing, but how to get away is the great difficulty. Unless he must take my hand and accompany me, all attempts to leave him are utterly vain, and were I to be resolute, he would weep most bitterly, which would be more than I could bear. Young children are all fond of work, even without reward except a little praise, and hence we find children of four years of age much more willing to do jobs than those of

fourteen. I take advantage therefore of this disposition, by preparing a small package, or taking a book out of the book-case, and making the little fellow the bearer to his mother or any person in some other apartment, and then steal away. By and bye, after delivering his message, and playing a short time with little things that may have attracted his notice, he is up stairs knocking at my door, and increasing every stroke in proportion to the delay, crying "Pa, pa, open door, open door." When very much engaged I feel disposed to let him tire himself, that he may go away; but he is so persevering and so determined upon his purpose, that I do not remember an instance when I did not give in. The door being opened I need not mention with what glee he springs into the room. He will play for some time; and though he probably diverts my attention from the subject before me, I cannot refuse allowing him above a fair share of indulgence. He will pile a number of books on the sofa, and call out "ook bonny." He will divert himself with twirling round the seat of the music stool; and like an embryo editor, will drag a chair to the table, seize a piece of paper, and putting his face as near to me as he can, asks for a "en, en." Of course it must be dipped in the ink, and then he admires himself, and father looking on, for his cleverness in covering the sheet with scrawls. If I rise from the chair, his hand is with mine in a moment, and he cries out "ma'ch." We then, with stately mein, move to and fro in the room, throwing up our feet at every step. I next become his horse; he seizes my coat laps, and I have to run and kick, and caper, to the no small merriment of us both. A rap at the door follows—it is the printer's lad—"Waiting for copy, Sir!" Frank *must* go now. "Mary," calling to the nurse, "take him away." He hesitates; and it is not till he gets a promise to go "a ta ta," or to have a piece of pie, that he will consent quietly to leave the room.

Every parent should make himself at home with his children, and though he should not suffer a vicious action, nor tolerate the least symptom of insubordination, he ought to allow them plenty of innocent play, grant them every reasonable indulgence, and make their lives happy.

VARIETIES.

POLITICAL SOOTHSAVERS.—There were some prophets in the last century who foretold the end of the world with the most alarming confidence, but when the day past without the crack of doom, the end of the world was adjourned, and another, and another, and another last day appointed. When the most ignorant and credulous began to reflect on the number of fine doomsdays they had passed in vain fears, there was an end of faith in prophets, who had run their authority against the existence of the world. Our political prophets are committed to the same discredit by their repeated prognostications of the destruction of the country, which never *is*, but always *to be*, ruined. There has not been a measure of reform proposed within the last seven years which has not carried a doomsday with it, according to the political seers. How often indeed, have we been reminded of Swift's spider, which thought that the world was at an end when its web was swept away by a broom!—*Foublangue's England*.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.—"Going the whole hog" is an expression of recent origin. It has come into use from the "barbecue" of the west, which is a hog, or ox, or bear, roasted whole, for large dinner parties consisting of men only—as in England in celebrating the coming of age of young men of rank and fortune. "Do you give joints or barbecue?" "Oh, we go the whole hog." That is the manner in which the phrase came into use.

A GOOD DAILY MEMORANDUM.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest—the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impression of the beautiful and the perfect—that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyment; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought every day, at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe*.

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an under-growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays*.

GENTLEMAN.—The only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be gentle in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.—*Horace Smith*.

BRITISH COMMERCE IN 1836.—English trading vessels are in number 24,280; the capacity 2,553,685 tons, and are navigated by 166,583 men and boys. In addition, the British colonies possess 3,579 ships, of 214,878 tons, and 15,059 sailors; making a total of 27,859 vessels, and 181,642 men, employed in the mercantile service of the British empire.—Where is the provision for the moral training of all these our sea-faring brethren?

THE WISEST AND THE HAPPIEST MAN is he who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breakthroughs every opposition that he may improve these opportunities.—*Doddridge*.

SHARP REPORT.—“Will you lend father your newspaper, Sir?—he only just wants to read it!”—“Yes, my boy—and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!”—*American Paper*.

DECEPTION.—HIRING A DOOR.—“But pray, Johnny,” interrupted his mother, “where do those people think you live?”

“At a great house in Grosvenor-street,” said Jack, “next door to what-dy-e-call-em's hotel; my name is on the door, and my address on my card?” “But you don't live there?” said Mrs. Brag. “Not I,” replied the son; “I only rent the door.” “How dy'e mean?” said his mother. “Why, I went to the man,” says Brag, “who keeps the house.” “Now, sir,” said I, “I want to rent four square inches of your pannels.” He was puzzled for the moment, but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake. Out I pulls from my pocket a brass plate of these precise dimensions, whereon is engraven “Mr. Brag”. “What will you take per annum,” said I, “to let this be screwed on your door, and your servant take in my cards and letters?” Startled him a little at first; however he entered himself for the plate, acceded to the proposition, and so, for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum, and a tip to the slavey, I get the credit of five windows in front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London.”—*Jack Brag*.

EDUCATION.—It will be a vain task to preach the union of manhood, if we continue to teach children separation. If we would make the country one, we must begin by gathering up its fragments while they are yet soft. Thanks to our original nature, unsectarian, unpolitical, unsophisticated as it always is, until corrupted by man, this is not difficult. Children, if left to themselves will naturally unite. Their animosities and prejudices are not *theirs* but *their fathers'*. Such mixture of sects and classes is the true discipline by which these pernicious tendencies should be counteracted. There is no place like a school to teach universal sympathy, unadulterated Christian benevolence—I will not say (for it is a very unchristian word) toleration. Separate at present our children, and the next generation will exhibit all the errors and passions of the old race over again. The Protestant school will turn out its annual show of Protestants—the Catholic school, its rival batch of Catholics; just in the same manner as an aristocratic school shapes its exclusives, or a corporation school begets its aldermen and police magistrates. The age and country want Englishmen and Irishmen. Nationalism, not sectarianism, should be the first article of our common charter.—*Education Reform, by T. Wyse, Esq.*

FEMALE READING.—I would debar your sex from no part of the knowledge of which ours ought to be proud; but I do not think, in proscribing the modern authors you have enumerated, such a motive could be fairly attributed to me. I would have the reading of women confined to works of which the morality and purity might serve to strengthen their own, and I can no more approve of placing in their hands books that tend to make them acquainted with all the vices that sully human nature, however well portrayed, than I should approve their witnessing the scenes where such vices are committed as a useful philosophical lesson. Women should know no more of the crimes of human nature than they do of the fearful maladies to which it is subject. You would not have our matrons study anatomy, or visit the hospitals, in order to see to what infirmities flesh is heir. It is enough for them to be aware that mortal beings are sometimes sorely smitten by loathsome diseases, without investigating or studying them; so it is sufficient for them to know that vice and error exist, without analytically examining the symptoms, causes, and effects, so artistically displayed in the authors to whom you have referred.—*Lady Blessington*.

AGE AND YOUTH.—Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth: and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollection of hopes. Thus happiness even resides in the imagination.—*Coleridge*.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.—Religion in general is made too much of a periodical service; an occasional thing. It is a dress to be worn on particular occasions. It is made for solemn ceremonials or consecrated feasts. But true religion constitutes the whole business of life, both speculative and practical. It is not an occasional, but an every day concern. It is not merely a sabbatical observance. It does not merely occupy one day in seven; but it engrosses the whole seven. The Deity whom the true religionist worships, is the God of every day; and of every hour in the day; and of every moment in the hour. There is no portion of time which is not his; and which the religion of the Universe does not consecrate to him. The universality of his presence is the never-ceasing consciousness of the mind. What the Religion of the Universe exacts from its votaries is a perpetual thought of the Divine superintendence. That hallowed sentiment belongs to all states of the truly religious mind. It is with it in joy and in sorrow—in sickness and in health—in the adverse and the prosperous hour—at home and abroad—when we travel and when we rest—when we traverse the seats of a busy city, and when we pace the sequestered path of the quiet fields. The religionist who sees God in every thing, and beholds every where the traces of His wisdom and goodness, cannot go any where where the Divine agency does not meet his view;—where it does not excite his thoughts, engage his sympathies, or hallow his meditations.—*The Religion of the Universe*.

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do—for

“A want of occupation is not rest—

A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.” Such a man is out of God's order; and opposing his obvious design in the faculties he has given him, and the condition in which he has placed him. Nothing, therefore, is promised in the scriptures to the indolent. Take the indolent, with regard to exertion—What indecision! What delay! What reluctance! What apprehension! The slothful man says, “There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets.” “The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.” Take him with regard to health—What sluggishness of circulation! What depression of spirits! What dulness of appetite! What elevation of frame! Take him with regard to temper and enjoyment—Who is pettish and fretful? Who feels wanton and childish cravings? Who is too soft to bear any of the hardships of life? Who broods over every little vexation and inconvenience? Who not only increases real, but conjures up imaginary evils, and gets no sympathy from any one in either? Who feels time wearisome and irksome? Who is devoured by ennui and spleen? Who oppresses others with their company, and their questions, and censorious talk? The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Reaction is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to *enjoy themselves*. Prayers should be always offered up for their servants and wives, and for themselves too. They are a burden to themselves.—*Rev. W. Jay*.

AGAINST CHURCH-DEPENDENCY.—If we build our church on golden pillars, and surround their basements with distress-warrants and sales of goods for rates, let us beware that these gaudy foundations are not injured and melted by the flames of popular hate. Our incense may not ascend acceptedly to heaven, if the flames of our altar be kindled by alien fuel. It is not wealth, though one-tenth of the produce of this rich country is ours; it is not rank, though our bishops sit with the nobles of the land, that forms the grandeur of our church; it is our scriptural liturgy, the free use of the Bible, and our spiritual usefulness to the people, that constitute our real fame. “Shall we sacrifice to our God of that which costs us nothing?” This, you remember, David said to Araunah, when he offered him the threshing-floor. Araunah offered, but David refused. The dissenters do not offer us the means of worship, but we take them by distress. The plague was stayed through David's offering, but our sacrifice may not be so well received in heaven, whilst the means of its support are taken from unwilling hands. What would you think of a law that enabled a nobleman to pick the broken sticks from his neighbour's hedge, to light the fire in his hall, whilst his own forest-trees remained untouched? These rates are a blot upon the fair fame of our church. They are like a blighted branch of a tree in spring, amidst the robe of white that covers the land; this withered and yellow bough must be cut away from our holy vine which the hand of God has planted.—*Rev. Dr. Jones' Speech at Rochester*.

ORATORY.—I think the best part of oratory is *plainness*—to make every word and sentence *well understood*.—*A Plain Man.*

HATS.—Once or twice I have lost my hat or got it exchanged. To prevent this, I now follow the safe practice of writing my name in the inside. It is not amiss also to note down the time you first use it.

UMBRELLAS.—No article is more liable to be lost or exchanged. The best means of preventing this is either to get your name engraved on the handle, or marked with white paint on the underside of the covering. It will be a nice little job for some of your children.

THE GOOD EXAMPLE OF A BEER SHOP KEEPER.—At a funeral attended by a number of tee-totalers, provision was made both for drinkers and anti-drinkers. A glass of ale was offered to the keeper of a beer shop, who replied—“No, I would prefer a cup of coffee; I think it is more becoming the occasion, and shews more respect to the friends of the deceased. I never could drink ale with any satisfaction at a funeral.”

WHAT DRINKING WILL DO.—Poor Matthew! I have just been down to see his family. I remember when he had twelve good cows and a number of sovereigns in hand, and now he has not one of either, and if he were sold up to-morrow he could not pay 5s. in the pound; and this is all through drinking. I saw his rise and I have seen his fall, and it grieves me to see so much promise and prospect entirely blasted as the effects of intoxication.—I. G.

A DREADFUL CASE.—I have just received a letter from my old acquaintance —, who now resides in Liverpool, begging some assistance. He is not only in the depth of poverty, but disease has commenced its attacks. He began life with £8,000 besides what he got with his wife. I was present when the last family estate was brought to the hammer. Inattention to business and the other vices arising from indulgence in liquor have produced this sad reverse of fortune. And what is worse, even now I see not the least sign of repentance or reformation.—I. G.

BEER FROM UNMALTHED BARLEY.—By a peculiar process of mashing it is said that the starch becomes converted into *saccharine*, and that unmalted barley is now used to a great extent. This makes the matter worse; above 40 millions of bushels were annually used which is worse than thrown away, but it seems the quantity is still greater than we were informed.

A DOCTOR'S RECEIPT AND ITS EFFECTS.—A doctor, calling himself Dr. Belberries, who had slept on a dunghill and was clothed in rags, was brought before Mr. Minshull, by the police. In his examination he produced one of his choice receipts, the principal ingredients being “three bottles of the best port wine and a bottle of brandy.”—*London paper.*

GOOD NEWS FOR TEE-TOTALLERS.—By the Excise Returns of the yearly consumption of Malt by the twelve principal London brewers, there is a decrease in the year ending Oct. 10th, 1837, as compared with the year preceding of *thirty two thousand, eight hundred, and eight-tenths quarters*.—J. S. H.

“EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.”—The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Bombay, relates that talking with a Hindoo, he observed, when Raja Rdo and the Brahmins were the sovereigns of this country, not a drunkard was to be seen; but since the English have become our masters, even the Brahmins themselves have become drunkards.—R. P. B.

TESTIMONY OF A BRICKMAKER.—“Sir,—I have been a member of the Total Abstinence Society for twelve months. During that time I have been employed in several branches of labour, but chiefly in the brick-fields. From the beginning of April to the beginning of September, I have tempered seven hundred thousands of bricks with quite as much ease as ever I did when I used to drink beer and other strong drinks. I feel great pleasure in having joined the Society.”—Yeasley, Nov. 6, 1837.—JAMES DEW.

COFFEE.—Three plants at this moment, connect three different quarters of the world, which for ages would have known but little of each other without them. China is connected with England by scarcely any other link than her tea; for three hundred years, tobacco was the sole link between England and the Western world; and Arabia is to this hour scarcely bound to us but by her coffee. Such are the slender but powerful sources of national connexion. The discovery of coffee was not made until the latter part of the thirteenth century; and, like many other great discoveries, it was the result of chance, adopted by necessity. Coffee took upwards of two centuries to make its way into the world. It is a remarkable instance of the perversity of the human will when left to itself, that while coffee, with all its singular powers of cheering the mind and refreshing the nerves, took nearly four hundred years to make itself known in Europe; and while the potatoe is scarcely more than coming into use in a large portion of the Continent, tobacco took little more than half a dozen years to be known as far as ships could carry it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE QUEEN.—Her Majesty is not by any means flattered in the portraits of her which have been engraved. Without being a striking beauty, she is in common with the royal family, decidedly pretty; has an excellent bust, and has the good taste to dress with great simplicity. For the information of our female readers (to whom chiefly by the way this article is addressed,) we may state that the Queen wears no ringlets. At Covent-garden she had her hair simply braided, and wore an elegant tiara of diamonds. Speaking phenologically, her Majesty has a very good head; the intellectual region has profited from the lofty brow of the Duchess of Kent, and there is no deficiency of the organ of firmness.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

HORRORS OF WAR.—A soldier whom I knew when we were in Spain, a German by birth, was with his company of rifle corps, engaged in skirmishing with some of the enemy's outposts. From a sheltered position, he had an opportunity of taking aim at a detached individual, belonging to the continental auxiliaries of the French army. He fired—the enemy fell. He ran up to him, and seized his knapsack for a prey. On opening it, a letter dropped out; he had the curiosity to take it up and open it. He glanced at the close of the letter, and found it was subscribed by a person of the same name as his own father. His interest was increased; he read the whole letter. He had shot his own brother!—*Evangelist.*

WHEN UNADORNED, ADORNED THE MOST.—The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and lace.—*Addison.*

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT TO GOD.

“O God behold our woes with pitying eyes,
Redress our wrongs, and let thy justice rise!
View wretched slaves through every coming hour,
Left the same scene of sorrow to deplore:
No smiling hope to cheer our dark despair,
No mingled joy to soften cruel care.
Only with life, our length of woes shall cease;
Nor are our dying moments bless'd with peace.
For, when we feel the hour of fate draw nigh,
Our heart beholds around, with conscious eye,
Part of ourselves survive: an infant train,
To bear our woes, and groan beneath our chain.
This thought torments us with our latest breath,
And robs of sweet repose the shades of death.

“Thus view us cursed—forbid to taste of joy,
While life shall last, or even in peace to die;
Thus view our wrongs, Great God, with pitying eyes
Our nameless wrongs”—the wretched negro cries.

I heard, and think I hear them still complain,
And weep and groan; and weep and groan in vain.

American Emancipator.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Father now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel hand,
And throughout the darkling night,
Bless me with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day.

NOTICE.

In future the whole of the *MORAL REFORMER* will be printed in *briefs*, the same letter which at present is used for the “*Varieties*.” By the notice that all the regular articles would be *original*, it was not intended to exclude those of the Editor's own productions, which may have appeared in some of his former publications.

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